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Norwich, Saturday, July 30, 1910.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Dantern Connecticut, and from there to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 2,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by alacty-three per cent. of the people. In Windham Putness and Danfelson to over 1,106, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Bastern Connections has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-sive possifier districts, and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Builetin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CHRCULATION

July 23......

A GREAT ASSET.

The summer attractiveness of New Harngshipe from its short coast line and single island group of Sheals to the looming peaks of the White mountains, is one of its great assets—its most practically recurred and Governor Quimby estimates that the summer tenrists left in that state last year \$14,096,600. It is more than likely that Maine and Massachusetts realize as Maine and Massachusetts realize as it is eminently proper that one should much each or more than this, while ask, "Where did you get that beautiful complexion?" And if it was got doubtless realize less.

It would be safe to assume upon this estimate that the summer tourists drop in New England more than \$50,000,000 season, and there is no reason why Vermont thinks there is no place on earth where summer tourists get as good returns in the way of pure wa-ter beautiful scenery, salubrious cli-mate and good food as they do in the

Green mountain resorts.

Connecticut his a jong coast line and famous resorts by the Sound and also in the interior, and its summer business should grow because it can furnish pure sir, pure food, beautiful scenery, and agreeable entertainers.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

ties the Toledo Blade is prompted to say that 'there must be a fundamental defect either in the weapon or the practices in vogue if an explosion occurs or is expected to occur, once in every twelvemonth. The navy particularly has been striving for speed records, attempting to place so many shots in as few minutes as possible. Whatever else the authorities declare the secidents point absolutely to the that chances are taken against back-fire, ignition from burning canparts faultfly adjusted, and the excitement of gun crews spurred on by rivalry and premises of reward. Identical conditions prevail in the coast de-fences, though they have not so long a death list upon their records."

WHAT IS THE PRINCIPLE?

The letters of committal to the inquiry made of prospective candidates they would support the public utilities bill of the Connecticut Business Men's association have been evasive upon the specific measure while per-fectly satisfactory as to a committal the principle which is involved .-Norwich Bulletin But what is the principle as The

Bulletin understands it? The commission originally apsented an able and careful consideration of the problem, including much valuable evidence. It added a carefully

drawn bill. The commission bill and that recently presented by the State Business Men's association, and to a large degree the Whiton-Chandler bill all agree in principle that there should commission clothed with power to prevent the issue of charters cept for value invested, to examine fully into the financial condition of public corporations, and to compel the adequate performance of the public service for which the corporations receive their large privileges.

There was also during the last nession the so-called Barnum bill. The principle of that was to give the comission very little power. It was fairly described when it appeared as a bill to protect the corporations against the public.

There has been a great deal of idle and futile talk about approving the principle of a public utilities bill. means nothing unless the principle is described and it can lead to nothing but confusion. Power to compel the corporations to de what the law contemplates is the vital thing in any public utilities bill worth having. That is the test question to which all

the rest comes back. Is that the kind The Bulletin means? Is it the kind the caudidates mean? Is it the kind the average local politician means? it certainly is the kind of bill that lurge number of Connecticut citizens do mean when they ask for a public utilities act.—Hartford Times

The Times appears to set forth the principles of a public utility bill very well ludged-they include stricter surveillance of corporate methods, re-strictions which will protect the citizens from being fleeced and provis-

speedy responses to reasonable de-mands from the public. The press of Connecticut believes in a practical measure and its enforcement, but what will the next legislature stand for Vested interests will try to have the bill framed to suit them and a compromise measure is very likely to result.

A PERPENDICULAR ISSUE.

The regular republicans in the west do not shrink from having joint de-bates with the insurgents for the enlightenment of their constituents and the better defense of themselves and their party. The republican slogan is: "Taft, the tariff and regular republicanisti!" and the claim is truly made that President Taft needs no defense or apology any more than any congressman's record does who is squarely in line with the administration.

To be a Taft man means to be adherent and supporter of the head of the party in the nation in all the measures and policies which make for the fulfillment of the party pledges, for the best interests of the people and for the preservation of the best traof the party in line with past history. To be a tariff man does not mean a slavish espousal of every individual schedule that may dentally benefit some persons at the indorsement of a tariff measure which comes as near reconciling unavoidable differences of interest and minimizing inequalities and injusices as any tariff measure that has been enacted in many years or which will ever be enacted until scientific tariff-making takes the place of

resent methods. The men who stand for Taft, protection of American industries and straight republicanism have no explanations to make, for they acted with the majority governed by the princiles of the party. It is for those who are in the weak minority to tell why the tall of a dog should be of more account than the dog itself.

THE COST OF TAN.

Tan is fashionable. The pretty sun ourned maid is the popular girl of the seriod. The cost of the tan is all that makes it stylish or enviable. It is admitted that people without means an have a beautiful sunburned comlexion; but the tan of the backyard is not the tan of the White mountains, although the two are not distinguishable by any sign of degeneracy n the one, or of superiority in the It is not polite to inquire, Where did you get your wealth?" but ipon a ranch in the west, or at Newport, or Lenox, or Saratoga, or upon a yachting trip it is the real thing, but it was just obtained upon an openair walk at home or on a trolley car business should not be increased. or an everyday picnic in nearby woods It is just ordinary, old-fashioned, home made tan not worth speaking about. There are tans that cost more than a sealskin sacque and this shows that tans really range from velvets to callicos and are valued accordingly. The automobile tan is one of the most tank of the most and many the sunsets of more brilliancy and kaleldosecopic effects somewhere on earth, but one can not imagine how they can excel the silver and golden and many, the yellow and gray and burple combinations of our western though it varies much in cost. All the son from softest yellow to the most brilliant crimsealskin sacque and this shows that for all automobile tan is on a par al-though it varies much in cost. All the out-of-door workers have a beautiful cun-browned complexion, but it is only It cannot be concealed that the great be particular how they were browned age from somewhere to nowhere in the guns are machines which are perilous and where and it rather adds to the sky above us, or fade from sight like

Dr. Crippen and his stenographer

way to prison The Ohlo delegates were standpatters and now if the voters stand pat

A million immigrants do not look so tremendous upon paper, but in a pa-

rade it is different. The cummer vacation that has to be paid for after it is over can never

The bride who covered her motherin-law's mouth with a strip of fly-

paper was a little "fly" herself. July cannot come back and anyone

can see that it is a wise provision of nature to give it only one chance.

hammock may be memorialized by

The new pink blanket ballot of Consecticut annuls the secret balloting in this state. The box tender can give a tip how every man votes.

Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth of Wash-24 hours. She could qualify for

commissioned officer of cavalry Five six-masted schooners sailed in. o Casco bay within ten minutes of each other Tuesday morning

land regards this as a noble fleet.

men are obliged to sell five-cent pieces at the cart, the buyer to take the ice from place of purchase to his home.

This is what was added to a recipe "The addition of fried for an invalid: prunes will make a mixture fit to concrete a chicken coop with-the hens will not eat it."

The Williamsport, Pa., board of trade bunches up the compliments of the press and prints them in attractive form. They recognize that this s a splendid way to boom the town

ions which will give assurance of mere Y. World

THE MAN WHO TALKS

There are men and women who can talk without ceasing and they get the credit of being fluent in the use of language, although they never make a point and do not seem to say anything. A musical flow of high sounding words seldom has any sense in it, and although agreeable enough for a while it will finally bore one. The art of talking long without saying anything in particular is in society called being agreeable. This is one of the few disagreeable performances in life which usually wears a fake label with the approval of a select few. Some people really become authors of some repute by writing in the same empty style. The thinking man is really afraid to say what he thinks, and in the use of sentiments he doesn't think, and sweet little nothings he keeps the good will little nothings he keeps the good will of those he addresses or associates with. The world doesn't care much about what you think—in important things it just wants man to conform and he does-it saves friction.

The human face is an interesting The human face is an interesting study to many well informed and thoughtful people, and it never ceases to excite their wonder for it is only occasionally that a face is seen that reminds one of a relative, friend, or neighbor. It may perhaps, be truthfully said that no two faces in this world are exectly alike. Faces have stories to tell, but the stories are not always pleasant to the person who has the power to interpret them. But the face that tells a story, whatever it may the power to interpret them. But the face that tells a story, whatever it may be, is a better face than the one that is mute. Perhaps you have never thought of dividing faces into those that talk and those that smile and those that do neither. Bacon wrote: "A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures." He had not conceived that a gallery of lifelike pictures might be company and reveat character to the men of the twentieth century. The faces which are inexpressive which look like a blank book pressive, which look like a blank book to be written upon, and there are a few such, are never interesting.

It looks as if the day might come when the man in jail will be envied because of his security. With auto-nobiles rushing along the roads at from 25 to 45 miles an hour and aero-planes rushing across the sky at the rate of a mile a minute—with perils multiplying above and below, it seems as if the era had dawned when the man of greatest security in life will be the man who is locked up. It seems as if the peace of the world being disturbed in a new way might have its peace in this new era less disturbed by war. Man's ambition leads him to desire the power of flight and speed of a bird and he may get it. The conder can seize upon and carry up a horse to a secluded place to feed upon and he can soar over the highest mountains, but the aeroplane still has less lifting power than the conder and scientists say that it is doubtful if it can ever in the upper rarified air carry itself over the highest mountains of earth, to say nothing of taking freight or pas-

Those who hold in esteem beauty and purity have found it of late in the mov-ing pictures of the sunsets. There from softest yellow to the most radiant, from fleecy gray to the densest as the clouds in the magic wind cur-rents change their forms in their voy-

ness—sweet morsels to them, and in several ways plagues to men—expressing their part in the drama of life as gaily wayes its flowers. several ways plagues to men—express-ing their part in the drama of life as faithfully as we demonstrate our part, and governed by the law of their he-ing, which like the law of our being, is divine. Life feeds upon life from the least to the greatest and life of which least to the greatest, and life of which man is the most intelligent expression is and always promises to be to him a ridde. The goldfinch visits the centauri family when the seeds are ripe and the sunflower later, when its seeds are meaty and sweet, just as if it remem-bered the day and the hour, and it ap-pears to find as much pleasure in seed hunting as the boys do in nutting; and so, one after another, the birds come for a purpose—and to time as regularly as if they carried a time-

I have always thought of the mullein as a solitary plant because I have sel-dom seen it growing together in communities, but where the soil is right, it appears to like a coarse, gravelly, well-drained soil, it grows in patches and so rank that its main flower stalk Happy thought for today: Where the excuse seems adequate the curtain lecture is tempered with mercy.

The man who has to eat his own words generally declines to Fletcherize. He doesn't care to chew them fine.

Washington is to have the first postal savings bank. That's all right, since the system is to radiate from that city.

The man who invented the straw hat and the man who invented the hammock may be memorialized by monuments yet. pear strange that men of the long ago called the daisy "the eye of the day."

> The other day a lad brought me a Sphinx moth for identification—an old acquaintance, Sphinx Myron of Cratings were pansy-green—the deep and he light green patterns matching the light green patterns matching young and old greens which are conyoung and old greens which are constant to every pansy plant; and two days later I also found Myron in my pansies, just hiding. Myron has a true eye for color and he recognizes the greens which match his plumage, and the spots where he may lose himself and abide in assurance, hid from his rapacious enemies. Myron may gather nectar from the pansies, and may be instrumental in hybridizing them and giving their faces new stripes and blotches of beauty. Myron lays her eggs off the grapevine leaves, and her progeny wear a bead leaves, and her progeny wear a bead on the caudal extremity which would be a crown if it was upon their heads. and they are ugly looking, perhaps to make them unattractive to the birds; and they live nine months in the year a morsel of food-they great fasters, and because their health is so good is perhaps the reason the ichniemon fly makes their live bodies the abode of its young, who feed upon them and emerge by the hundred while they still live. them and emerge while they still live.

I regard the poppies my humored

A GLEAM FROM THE WING OF TRUTH

"Our mistake is," continued Lady Greatheart, "that too often we seek truth because we greatly desire something else. We honger for loaves and fishes. We rebel against untoward conditions. Perhaps everything seems to have gone wrong. The high hopes of youth have faded to nothing. We have tried and failed. Now, at last, we are sick, heartslek, and disheartened. At this moment, a friend tells us of little helps that have helped others; gleams of truth, which, in following, have lifted them higher, and made all life brighter. "Ah," we say to ourselves, "what helps others ought to help me. I, too will follow the gleam." We forget that he who seeks truth must seek it for truth's own sake; that he must keep the single eye; that truth, the peerless, is a distant star that opens its heart only to him who loves it."

"For my own part," she went on, "I think it matters nothing from what motive one turns to truth. The point is that one should turn and should seek—even though it be at first merely for the loaves and fishes."

"How can we help it?" I objected. "Here we are in this workaday world, with the struggle for existence cruelly keen, and the margin of happiness losingly narrow. How can we help desiring what are called the good things of this life? Are they not what all the world is seeking?"

"No," answered Lady Greatheart, (Written for The Bulletin)

of this life? Are they not what all the world is seeking?"
"No," answered Lady Greatheart.
"These are only what they think they are seeking. The world feels a great need, and tries to satisfy it in all sorts of ways. The world is famished, and naked, and ashamed. Yet to seek truth that we may be housed and fed and clothed, is not seeking truth. These things are not ends in themselves; they are added as we learn to live in obedience to the laws of right thinking, right doing, and right livthinking, right doing, and right liv-

"You preachers make life a terribly high thing to live up to." I sighed. "Why cannot we all "take things easy," and just live along prosperously, without so much serious thinking?"

"Most people do "take things easy," smiled Lady Greatheart. "For one who thinks out his problems, there is the multitude who "just live along," as you say, prosperously—or wretchedly. You are picturing the world as it is."

"While you and your sort," I cried, "are preaching about what it ought to be, and forever giving it what it does e, and forever giving it what it does not want."

not want."

"Mere preaching does little good," she assented. "The less we have of it, the better. It is the doing right and the being kind, that is helpful. There was One who had compassion on the multitude. Perhaps this is what the world most needs—compassion. It is safe to be surry for everybody. Every heart conceals its own burden. You know, if we were sorry for everybody, we should love and shield them; never censure or condemn."

"If we were never to gossip about our neighbors," I put in, flippantly, "nor slander them a bit. Crampton would have to go out of commission."

My lady laughed, "Evidently you have to go out of commission." my lady laughed. "Evidently you are not in a serious mood today," she said. "Shall we talk about something else?"

"Oh," I exc'almed, "it is such a beautiful world! Why is it not good enough as it is? Why must you and enough as it is? Why must you and I be always trying to think out a way to make things better? Why can we not be comfy and happy—."

for truth's sake only, we shall find the life that was in the lost dreams of youth; the life, and the love and the not be comfy and happy—."

THE RECLUSE.

and I die!" and they do. I have hoed around them and humored them until I have had my reward. I am pulling It cannot be concealed that the great
guns are machines which are perilous
guns are machines which are perilous
to those who eperate them. The recent accident at Fortress Monroe when
ten or more men were blown out of
existence, calls to mind that there have
been eight of these accidents in eight
successive years, by which eighty of
those manning the high powered guns
were killed and all in a similar manner. By the explosion on board the
battleship Missouri in April, 1204, thirty-three men met death in the same
tinstant.

In considering this series of fatalities the Toledo Biade is prompted to

> A 20th century definition of an egotist is: "The man who has an Impar-tial opinion of himself." In other words, the person who thinks he has words, the person who thinks he has no conceit is very likely to have most of it. The fact is, conceit is not a glaring fault unless it is made so. I-am-ness appears to be necessary for success in life; but the character of the I-am-ness tells for or against a person. It has been well said that the person who feels stuck up has assumed an attitude to be pulled down. Conceit without sense increases bumptiousness and bumptiousness is not an attractive personal quality. Tempered with good judgment, conceit tells for success and self-respect. I-can is born of conceit ami it is a healthy and helpful adopted child for any of us to or conceit algorit is a nearthy and neigh-ful adopted child for any of us to coddle, for he cannot be spolled. Keep conceit under strict discipline and it-will be a good child—it will not mis-behave or say discreditable things in company.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

NOT NEEDED.

"He doesn't seem to need me." This was the rather pathetic way in which a man referred to another person whom he admired and with whom he was closely associated, but to whose happiness he knew that he was not himself essential. "Moreover," he contined, "he is one of those men who

does not seem to really need any of his friends."

We all know the type. Certain persons seem to move through life as if they lived in a different realm from common mortals. They are refined, courteous, good tempered, high minded. Often they are persons of large ca-pacities and of tested character. They seem to subsist on books or music or pictures, or business, or travel, or possibly on one or two persons to whom, and to whom alone the gates of their hearts are unbarred

Without assuming the judicial function, we may say that as a rule something is not quite right with the man who does not need other persons and a considerable number of them, who is willing to receive the admiration of the crowd, but who will never take a single man among them even into the ante-chambers of his heart. Such a thing as a one-sided friendship is almost impossible. Your friend may be nost impossible. Your friend may be good deal richer, and wiser than you; he may have ten gifts to your one, but unless there is some little need of his life which you and you alone can supply, you are at best only a fawning parasite on him, tolerated rather than really valued. To prove this we have only to cite

one of the classic examples of friend-ship, that between Jesus of Nazareth and his followers. If anyone could and his followers. If anyone have dispensed with the ordinary use of friendship, if anyone could completed his life apart from completed his life apart from men, through the rare communion which he had with his Father in Heaven, it was He. But he invited his disciples into The Better Way.

If Mr. Pinchot is going to devote his senergies to factional politics his usefulness as a protagonist of the conservation pelicy is sure to suffer. He would be better engaged in helping a cause for which his septial qualifications designate him as a leader.—N.

Y. World

"And forget," she interrupted.
"Forget what?" I asked.
"The multitude," she reminded me, gently. "The hungry, the naked, the stranger, the sick and imprisoned."
"There you go again," I demurred.
"You will never let it alone."

It was the hottest day of July. All nature was breathless. The song birds had hidden themselves within the thickest clusters of leaves. Even the meadow grasses were silent; even the meadow brook was wasting away. As for us, we were taking a vacation from work, not by seashore nor mountain, but in our own home, ciad in the lightest of linen, curied into the coolest corner of the vine-hung plazza, lux-uriously indoient and idle.

"All preaching places are closed in summer," I suggested, wickedly. Then, as Lady Greatheart smiled, "Go on," I begged as she knew I would.

"Truth is approached," she began, "only by paradox. What we reach out for seems unattainable. What we seize and hug to our hearts, cludes us. That which we love and clutch at, is never really ours. You see this rule.

That which we love and clutch at, is never really ours. You see this rule of inversion running through everything. What we strive and struggle for we miss of mostly or else it turns to dust and ashes in our hands. The friends we cling to, tire of us and turn away. On the other hand, what we value least is always at our service. All that we are indifferent to, is heaped about us in plenty. The companionship we are sure we could enjoy heaped about us in plenty. The com-panionship we are sure we could enjey is not for us; yet ours is for those who desire and can enjoy it. Even the deepest and truest and tenderest love finds its reward, not so much in the love it wins in return, as in its own increased capacity for loving. I have heard it said that we are attracted by those that can help us, and attract those whom we can help. When we go to others, it is because we feel the need of a heart-lift; when others come need of a heart-lift; when others come to us, it is because they need something that we have to give. In the degree that we voluntarily visit our friends, or they visit us, is the measurement. friends, or they visit us, is the measure of our giving and receiving. Only the rare few are they who can stay at home in their own hearts, and be at rest."

"Yet we are here to give and take,"
I offered.

"The eternal paradox holds true, she went on. "What we seek, we lose she went on. "What we seek, we lose; what we surrender, for truth's sake, we find again. If men and women could learn this, ours would be a happler world. All about us, we see our fellow men losing what they care for most, merely because of clutching at it and holding it too fast. We do not know how to give up. We are too eager, too importunate. We are jealously self-seeking, where we need to be selflessly indifferent. We devour the loaves and fishes, and struggle to obtain more that we may continue to obtain more that we may continue to devour, when, all the while we might be kneeling to kiss the hem of truth's garment in gratitude for wisdom and light."

From the personal to the universal, I intervened. "From the self to the supreme. Is this a law of life?" "This is a gleam from the sunlit wing of truth," answered Lady Great-heart. "You and I have set out to follow the gleam. As we seek truth

acute, as when in the Garden of Geth-semance he sorrowfully asked the sleeping three, "what, could ye not watch one hour with me?" A one-sided friendship, then is a A one-sided friendship, then its a contradiction in terms, for a mutual need is the cornerstone in the temple of friendship, and all through life we get our deepest satisfaction through being able to supply some need in the social order. Is there anything harder than not to be needed in the home? When you have ministered so gladly month after month, year after year to a beloved one racked by disease, or prostrated by the infirmities of age. and death comes at last, do you look upon as unfeeling ousiders may, who say, "what a happy release from con-fining toil?" Ah, no, you sorrow be-cause your own hands are now idle and nobody seems to be left who needs

to have the foreman or employer come along at the end of the week and say,



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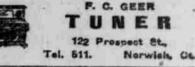
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It's a sure sign of good weather and fine roads. People like to get out into the open air. We furnish the best method, and if you'll take one of our teams you'll say the same.
MAHONEY BROS. Falls Avenue.